

Somebody Tell Me (old)

by GloomyMoodsAndInspiration

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Summary: Off-spin-two-to-probably-five-shot to "No one knows 'cept Lorelei". Though she's been taught differently and knew the truth another way of thinking is brought to Lorelei when being a teenaged student on her own. Making her realize that adult life won't accept any kind of fantasy. (Rated T for third and fifth chapter; just in case)

1. Chapter 1

_Off-spin-two-to-probably-five-shot to "No one knows 'cept Lorelei". Those parts just had no space in the story, yet I had written them; probably for trying to understand a self made character a little bit better. And please forgive me if there is any mistake in the French part - never had that as a foreign language in school. Yet I thought, it would be somehow crazy if Louise talked Latin in Calais. ;-) All the best, GM&I
>

Somebody tell me

Being seven

"Hurry, we want to enter the port of Dover still in daylight!" Louise Chatham called at her two best friends Gracie and Julia.

"No worry, we're coming." Julia helped Gracie who stepped carefully on the small boat. "Max is the one being a real dawdler." She added randomly.

Max on his part jumped with all force on the deck and the boat started to swing dangerously. "Without me you wouldn't get far." He declared laughing.

"Ah!" Gracie yelled as water slopped against the bow and clung to Julia.

"We very well do; we're faster swimming than you with your boat."
Julia replied gruffly.

"I won't let my boat alone." Louise decided before Julia actually would suggest swimming from Calais to Dover. She glanced shortly at the sky, no clouds and clear blue. She hoped it would stay like that. Then she threw a glance back at the coastline of Calais. A young child strolled along the shore until she turned onto the baulk, ambled on and sat down at the end of it, letting her feet dangle just a few inches above the cold sea water. Interested in what happened in front of her, the boat leaving and drawing long patterns into the water, she watched the voyagers and their boat slowly floating further away from her.

Mentally Louise puzzled together her few French skills and build up a relatively correct question, to ask where the child's parents where.

"Tes parentsâ€| ermâ€| OÃ¹ vous trouvez-vous?"

The girl eyed her perplexed and with furrowed brows. "Pardon me! I don't understand French a lot." She called back.

"Where are your parents?" Louise was relieved not to try to speak another language.

The girl only shrugged and threw a glance at her shoes. "Home. Should be there too, but the ferry's too expensive and I can't sneak on it again. The oil stinks badly." She made a face and smiled up at Louise sheepishly.

She heard Julia giggle. "Cute kiddy."

"We can take her with us." Gracie proposed immediately.

"Weren't you taught not to go with strangers?" Max asked Gracie in a whisper, just to say, that she probably would negate any offer.

"We're heading off for Dover. Do you want to come with us?"

"May I?" She rose to her feet and stepped forward, nearly falling over the dock into the water.

"Of course you can come with us. My friends are Julia, Gracie and Max. I am Louise. What's your name?"

Suddenly she grinned. "Your boat."

"My boat?" She requested being utterly dazzled.

"Lorelei."

"Max, would you please bring the boat back the few metres and get our new passenger aboard?" She turned away and muttered in a low voice. "Furthermore, I don't want her trip and drown."

Eventually Max took her on the boat. She thanked him and as soon as Max had coned the boat outside the port it floated freely. Then she sat down by the bow, looking at the deep water in front of her, how

it was parted by the boat's nose. Meanwhile the four adults got themselves seated in the tiny cabin, yet not even ten minutes later Max stepped outside and knelt down next to her.

"I'll take care that you won't fall over the ship's rail, or better slip through it by mistake."

"I won't." she promised quietly.

"You're not afraid to be all alone?"

"Dunno. Where're Louise and the others?"

He let out a desperate sigh. "They're arguing. Actually I hoped this journey would make them cool down a bit, but it's not helping. As I can't help it anyway, I don't want to be in the centre of that argument." He pointed back at the small cabin.

"Why are they arguing?"

"A friend of us, Karl, made the necklaces they're wearing and he probably did something personal wrong, something he shouldn't have done. I really don't know." He excused instead of saying what he knew.

Shortly after that Louise also reentered the deck. "Hopefully they aren't going to break my dear boat down." She paused shortly. "What a peaceful calmness! Don't ask anything- Max. I'd rather continue that discussion in Dover or somewhere else, that wouldn't be as dangerous as here." She smiled, being unconvinced and turned to their young guest. "How did you get to Calais? Where are your parents?"

"I wanted to be alone, but I don't want them being worried about me, so I gotta go back."

"You're just six, seven or eight and anything can happen to such a young girl like you. I mean, you're not afraid something bad actually may happen to you? "

"I am."

Now it was her turn to sigh. "Max, the boat's bearing away.", she suddenly said without any relation to her former context. Maybe she just said it to be alone with that girl, Max guessed. "Please be careful, I don't want to be get wet." She warned him.

"Yeah, by time I should know how to handle your boat. Still quite stubborn at some times, that old lady." So Max went away to bring the boat back on its intentional course.

"She isn't old!" Louise called after him.

Louise too, knelt down. Somewhere she'd read it should be useful and make children to trust one faster, if you'd be at the same height like they were.

"When you're afraid?" "No, you said you loved your family. Then why did you run away into?" "unknown?"

"I didn't run away." The girl replied quietly, though seemed to be

irritated, she watched how waves hit the bow and disappeared into the ocean again. "I wanted to be alone."

"There's no difference." Louise exclaimed.

"There is."

"Where?"

She didn't answer, but again down at the water for a while. "Where're you from?"

"Australia, Gold Coast." Louise wanted to repeat her question but was disturbed by a rigid change of course which nearly turned the boat about ninety degrees.

The girl clung to the railing instantly. As water splashed over the bow both Louise and the girl lifted their hands, the girl to shield herself and Louise to keep the water away from her at all.

Those endlessly, tiny drops fell down like a million of icy diamonds, playing a melody of their own. Some hit the floor and then fell into the ocean and other even hit her and the child. As the rain of ice finally stopped the girl watched some of the icy drops with wide eyes and Louise shot sorrowful glances at her.

This incident would make her two friends angrier at her than at anything what Karl might have done.

Insecurely the kid lifted her glance. "Where you born like that?"

"Nah, girl, that's impossible." She giggled being relieved about her reaction.

"Are you able to do more to water?"

Unable to stop her giggling she shook her head. "No, everyone's got one power."

"Everyone?"

"Julia and Gracie", she answered in a whisper.

"How is it called?"

"Hydro-Kryokinesis."

"Hydro-which cheese?"

"Kryokinesis. That means freezing water."

Falling silent the girl again stared at the ocean dwelling beneath them.

"You're not afraid of me? Frightened? Anything?" Well, she'd heard that children accepted mysterious things way easier than adults did, even though she'd prepared for a stronger defence.

"Anderson's Little Mermaid was one of my favourite

stories."

"Well, cutie, Anderson wasn't even close to reality."

"Which colour has your fishtail?"

"Golden-orange."

"Has everyone her own colour?"

"No, we're all orange. But, please, let this be our secret. Don't tell Julia and Grace or anyone else, please."

"Why should I?"

"That's our greatest secret, we're no average humans."

"Well, who is?"

2. Chapter 2

_Chapter 2. Here I borrowed no original H2O character, though mentioned some books. I chose them randomly, so please don't feel displeased, that, e.g. I mention J. R. R. Tolkien and not J.K. Rowling or Dracula and not Jekyll & Hyde...
>A part of the story Lorelei tells once has been an English homework. I didn't read it loud, it was too embarrassing. :)

Somebody tell me

Being fourteen

Spring was worst. Winter and fall most people were depressed by the dark and gloomy weather, by thick rain and cold snow. In summer, no one listened to her, because the heat would make everyone dizzy, and when the weather wasn't that good everyone dreamed of being somewhere else. They even would concentrate if she asked them to. But springâ€¦| spring was mere torment.

Actually it wasn't just the season; it was the mixture of hormones and the season. Spring alone was beautiful, faint pink and yellow blossoms everywhere, the first green made the city less grey. Sadly, as the nature rose to evolve in an endless circle the hormones of fourteen year old kids also rose in seemingly endless dimensions.

Ten minutes, just ten more minutes â€" 600 awfully long seconds â€" and she could say goodbye to a bunch full of those emotionally overacting teenagers. At some times she even wondered, why she'd been so eager to become a teacher long time ago. Maybe it had been for the other three-quarters of the year.

"Okay, last student for today. Please, read out your five sentences and let us finally go home." She called and added quietly "Hope it's not a lovesick or action-hero story as the twenty we heard before." The task had been to make up a short story about three words: The fish swam. And not re-write it into "The cute fish fell in love" including all girls she'd listened to today or "The brave hero fish fought fearlessly", what would be a summary of what every boy had

squeezed out of his mind and brought to paper.

"Not quite." The girl sitting closest to her replied, more to herself than anyone being around.

"Then you'll do the last." Miss Brewis answered, remembering that this girl was one of the students she couldn't quite understand, no matter which season dominated. She seemed distant and dreamy, though horribly sharp at other times and easily sarcastic if some of her classmates wouldn't get after the millionth time what she'd told them. Lorelei Jackson, or whatever her name was.

She blushed, fiddled with a necklace she wore, the probably singular constant thing about that girl and finally lowered her glance to the sheet in front of her.

"Once upon a time there was tiny, shiny, golden goldfish swimming slowly in the extremely cold and dark Atlantic Ocean's well dwelling current. As blissfully quietly humming golden goldfish swam along the by him unnoticed slowly faster growing current, his mind was completely occupied with seeking carefully for the mysterious and secret but said to be deliciously sweet tasting reddish strawberries of the sunken city of Atlantis. An enormously huge green and as loudly as roughly singing shark in a shimmering, glimmering blue bathrobe unexpectedly crossed his peaceful path of happy strolling thoughts and the cold grey water suddenly lit up to a sparkling cobalt blue with just the correct hint of azure to make it utterly beautiful. Without any prior warning the huge shark shape shifted swiftly into a downright lovely mermaid with an aureate-orange fishtail talking ingratiating in a high clear soprano voice, making diaphanous diamonds of ice dancing around her in a whirl more ineffable grandeur than one may imagine. The shiny mermaid enlightened the water in the most fascinating way the frightened shiny, shy, golden goldfish had ever seen before and without noticing any of his blurred surroundings consciously he was led into the golden and dazzling lights of his beloved Atlantis. Finish!" The girl looked up from her paper and smiled insecurely at her teacher.

Miss Brewis watched her with eyes as wide as saucers, unable to say a word.

"Was it that bad?" the girl asked.

She inhaled sharply, trying to gain composure. "Erm—no, no, quite good. Just a little bit unrealistic, don't you think?", she finally managed to observe. How old was that girl, for heaven's sake? Four or Fourteen?

"You think it's unrealistic?" she inquired earnestly.

"Yeah, quite so. Few logical mistakes only. How can a goldfish swim through Atlantic Water? It's a sweet water fish not a salt water fish. How can strawberries grow under the water? They are fruits and need the soil and minerals inside it to grow. Why is a shark wearing a dress, or a bathrobe, whatever? How can a shark shape shift into a mermaid? Mermaids don't exist. And why Atlantis? That's all kind of very childish. Yet I like your idea." She added the last sentence to say at least one positive thing about it.

The girl seemed to be deeply dazzled. "But strawberries are nuts, in

the biological sense. And what is wrong about Atlantis?"

"Well, it's a myth."

"I like myths." She replied.

"You should stick a bit more to reality, girl."

"But reality is boring and I don't believe that any fish would fall for another on first sight or that they fight against several sharks _and_ win. How shall a shark and a gold-fish ever meet â€" it probably is way more complicated to squeeze a shark into a goldfish bowl than the other way round? The same there's no always being happy and careless and everything's being just fine. Perfectionism truly doesn't exist. That is a fiction."

Again Miss Brewis took some time to search for an answer. "Wellâ€| but there's the idea of a truly good will, and noâ€| fairytale-creatures."

"What about Bram Stokers _Dracula_? Tolkien's _Lord of the Rings_ _and_ all those fantasy novels? And why _do_ people believe in angels or the devil but say everything else is mere imagination? It all is somehow fiction but means something else."

"And what does _your_ story mean?"

"I hope somebody could tell me." She answered nearly in a whisper.

And finally, finally the school bell rang.

3. Chapter 3

_Hi everyone =) This part may be the longest of all and includes, well, no original H20 characters at all. Sorry. ;-) I'd set it on some coast, either a smaller island in the south of England or somewhere close to Weymouth.
>

Somebody Tell Me

Being sixteen

Most of the class sat around the fireplace, some singing, some cuddling, some playing cards, grilling marshmallows. Dexter rose, excused himself and went for the coastline. After a short time his eyes adjusted to the dim light and he glanced up at the first, still hardly visible stars for a short moment. Josh passed his way and waved at him. "See ya, bro. Just gotta go somewhere." Actually he wanted to find a place for that golden necklace he carried with him. He knew he shouldn't have it. He also knew it would only cause him his teacher's anger if he kept it any longer. He thought about depositing it at one of the girls' huts or bury it somewhere in the sand, yet the latter would get him even greater dislike. Definitely, he should dispose it at one of the girl's huts.

He was half across the beach, when he decided to walk on the slim grass margin which would lead to an elderly looking pier in about one

hundred metres and the girls' huts in about two hundred. He saw someone in a long beach dress and wrapped by a thin jacket coming along the opposite direction to the camp fire.

As he recognized his classmate, Lorelei, a mischievous smile crept up his lips. She was the girl everyone could talk to but no one made friends with. He knew Elli tried it for about half a year but was blocked in a polite way, she hadn't expected. Maybe he didn't have to go to the girls hut at all.

"Eh, Dorset!" He called and jogged over to her, blocking her way. She hesitated and blinked, like getting back into present. Then she looked shortly at him and stepped aside.

"Should be careful, flood will be stronger tonight." She told him and went on.

Her answer annoyed him. She indeed was strange. "So, why ain't you a Jackson anymore?" He called after her and again made her hesitate.

She turned around. "It has been my decision, no one forced me." She replied softly.

"Maybe you're afraid of your parents? That's what the others think." This has been his suggestions and though Olivia thought it was her strangeness, they had a nice debate this morning.

She came a few steps closer, still leaving a huge distance between them. "There's a difference between knowledge and prejudice. You should never mistake one for another."

"So you are? Afraid?"

"No, my relationship to Richard and Morgan is closer than those, of half of our class to their parents and please stop trying to hurt or tease me because I changed my family name. If it worked, you wouldn't notice."

"Then why aren't you at the campfire? Did they kick you out?"

"Why aren't you?" She requested more tense this time. It worked, he noticed, good.

"You were searching for something, weren't you?"

Her nose wrinkled and she gave him an irritated stare.

"Maybe."

"Something special?"

"Actually, yes. As I expect no help from you, I consider it pointless in asking you for any advice."

"A necklace?"

"Why do you know?" She shot back immediately and subconsciously did a step towards him.

"I heard Matt and Nick talking you asked them about some necklace."

He too, took a step closer.

"I did." She'd collected her composure again, he noticed with slight disdain. "They did know as much as I expect help from you."

"What about that?" Dexter pulled out the golden necklace and held it in front of Lorelei's face. It was relieving to get it away from his things, even though she now knew why it had disappeared.

She automatically reach out for it but he was faster and stepped quickly backwards. He turned the little piece around, a small, golden sea shell with a black stone. On the back two letters were engraved, he'd learned by closer inspection.

"It's not even your initials engraved. How can it be so precious to you? A friend? Oh no, you never had." he called, seeing her growing angry.

"It's mine. That's reason enough. Give it back." She called. "Please." Added through clenched teeth she reached out for it again, even though there were about ten metres space between them by now. Twilight had nearly come to a close and he wasn't sure whether she could see that bit of metal doodling from his hand at this distance.

"Get it." he called in his boyish manner and ran off to the pier. The distance wasn't long by now, maybe about fifty metres. He didn't look back to see, whether she was following him, yet he suspected as much. If she'd asked around for the last two days about that thing, she probably would follow him just to get it back.

Shortly before he reached the end of it she got hold of him and pulled him back in a strength he never believed girls could have.

"Hey! No need to be aggressive." He shouted and pushed her backwards in hope to get her into the water and out of his space.

Instead of falling backwards, as he hoped, she grabbed his arm and both fell on the hard wood and in the blink of a second she had wrestled him to the ground. Damn it, he'd forgotten about her self-defense skills, at least they were better than he'd given her credit for.

"Give it back", she scowled.

"Fine!", he murmured. "Let me get up. It hurts badly."

"That's the point." She snapped.

Slowly she released him and stepped backwards, closely watching every of his movements. He stood awkwardly for a moment, then stepped away from her. She stood between him and the beach. He couldn't escape.

"Here's your stupid necklace." He held it up and in her direction and moved as if to throw it to her, so she'd have to catch it. Yet, from a sudden impulse he swung his arm further backwards and thus catapulted the little piece of metal behind him into the ocean.

He could see her watching the necklace's every movement until it hit the black water surface and sunk, leaving nothing but a smooth dark surface behind. As she turned her glance to him he suddenly knew she would never forgive him and probably would push him right behind it. Hopefully not, as he knew his swimming skills were quite bad, say nonexistent.

"Hey, it's just a stupid necklace." He defended himself, taking a step away from her, hoping she'd calm down. Somehow. Okay, he had been rude, yet it has only been for fun. Such things happen on class trips.

"You're bloody stupid." She hissed, out of control. Whatever she would do, he was certain it would hurt. A lot.

"Oh-okay. I- I can take it back. Tomorrow. When there's more daylight." Insecurely he glanced onto the dark ocean beside him. He'd underestimated her badly, thought she'd be just as easy-cry as other girls and interpreted her silence as being horribly shy. It had started with teasing her the whole class trip because she'd changed her name from Jackson into Dorset a few weeks ago.

"Where's your show off now, eh? Coward." she pushed him aside, he actually stumbled but could prevent himself from falling over and walked past him. She didn't even struggle to jump into the deep ocean and dive away into the night. He jumped away from the water splashing on the wood and watched the waves she'd caused quickly calming down. There was nothing just the open water he was afraid of.

He coughed and felt water tickle down his mouth. His clothes were damp and he was close to feel cold. Slightly regaining where he probably was and what happened he pushed himself upwards to sit and watch his surroundings. It was dark and stars gleamed up the sky.

Lorelei sat a few metres away from him and drew patterns into the sand with a stick.

"What are you doing?", demanded Dexter to know.

"Oh, shut up.", she replied angrily, without facing him, but erased her drawings.

"What? Hey, what did I do?" Being offended he rose to his feet and stumbled in some direction, before he was as clear minded to control his feet walking in her direction

She turned around and he instantly noticed she was wearing her necklace. "You stupid jumped after me, you can't even swim!"

He froze in his steps. "Well, I feltâ€¦"

"Regret only shows you, you're too late." She interrupted impatiently.

"Anyway, how did you find out?" It was his best kept secret. None of the other boys knew it. They would laugh at him. And no girl would ever favour him again.

"It was an easy conclusion after you nearly drowned." He was sure

that she added idiot in her mind.

"Sorry."

"What for? Throwing away my things as if worth nothing or making me dragging you out of the ocean as a way to excuse your earlier actions?"

Uh, he noticed that having her as an enemy would be worse than having her as someone who wouldn't even notice him. "Both.", he replied sheepishly. Damn it, she actually had saved him from drowning â€" could the situation get even more humiliating? "Why did you save me?"

"Just consider the situation carefully: If I let you drown, I would have to explain your absence as I am the one you officially annoyed last. Then everyone would know I've dived in the dark, whatever cause it may have, which is not without any danger considering the currents, and the coldness and everything else."

"Really?" How could she possibly be that selfish?

"Of course. I could say I didn't want to be responsible for a suicide, caused by cowardice, humiliation and regret. Yet, that would be a lie." Glaring at him. "However you survived, it wasn't me", she said, stood and turned to leave.

"Hey, where are you going?", he demanded to know.

"Back. It's midnight, they've started singing by now and I believe you do not want to miss an old love song."

"But where is back? I completely lost orientation."

"Can you do anything?" She asked coldly.

"Being annoying?"

"Apart from that?"

"Eh, not really."

"Fine, then. Hurry up. I don't want to waste my whole night by telling you how silly and dangerous your actions where."

"But you constantly remind me of it."

"Do I?", she requested sharply. "As I said, keep your mouth shut and just follow me."

"Have no other choice, have I?"

Again she turned around, but only her glare made him realize that, if he spoke another word she'd really disappear into darkness and leave him alone.

4. Chapter 4

_Hi there! This is the forth, (obviously) and probably the "sweetest"

and shortest of all of the chapters.

>Thank you, Irischdanceringrulz1776 for your kind review! I'll try to upload the next and last chapter as soon as possible.

Somebody Tell Me

Being seventeen

James watched her lighting a candle and staring at it. He took the time to see her features soften to a kind of sad smile, closing her eyes and as she opened them again, every trace of sadness had vanished and he couldn't read what she was thinking.

She glanced upwards, met his eye and he smiled warmly. She mirrored his smile and he walked over to her.

"Self-pity?", he asked with slight amusement.

"Nah, far too proud for that." She replied quietly. "You seem worried." She stated and followed with her index finger the lines of his jaw. The slight touch send tickles down his spine.

Wherefrom do you know? "Yeah, my father runs crazy about you. Since grandpa died he wouldn't stop inventing lies and subnormal myths about you."

"Great, first telling your grandfather we are seeing each other kills him and now I make your father going off the rails!" An exhausted sigh. "Not quite a good record for a girlfriend, don't you think?" Her hand slipped away from his face and as she attempted to smile, but it faded into a grimace of worry. "What am I doing wrong?" she breathed and he wasn't sure whether she really said it, or he'd just imagined it.

James gave her a reassuring smile. "It's all kind of crap and very pointless. Too much fantasy, my old dad." He shook his head, took her hand in his and slowly started walking towards the exit of the church they were visiting for at least half an hour.

"Wanna tell?" He felt her questioning gaze on him, yet decided not to open up on this one.

"I don't want to scare you off", James admitted freely. "He just doesn't see how horribly nerve-racking he is in his whole argument. He's all about blood vengeance, retribution, redemption, family honour, and some stupid non-existent pride. Actually, I keep locking myself up in my room, that I at least can avoid him there. I feel worse than in Shakespeare's dramas. Why can't he just accept you?" He sighed depletedly. "Isn't it usually the other way round? Shouldn't your parents despise me and shouldn't my dad adore you?"

"Usually, maybe - it's all depends on likeliness. Just consider that my class already keeps saying in unison I am a freak since preschool. Though not openly, but they wouldn't see me like you do."

"Please, do not remind me! They were so annoying. No one could tell me anything good about you, I only heard negative things. It was everything from shy to proud and cold-hearted or cold-blooded. I thought, it was wild speculation and wanted to know better myself."

"Blimey! Now I have to thank them they keep more or less secretly chatting about me. Otherwise, you wouldn't have taken the opportunity to prove or disprove their talk for yourself."

James threw a glance at a crucified wooden model of Jesus and shuddered unwillingly. "If they couldn't reach out for you in any way, they'd rarely appreciate an honest thank you. Better don't, trust me."

"I do. Trust you." She replied quietly, glanced shortly away and then smiled up at him, like wanting to excuse for her words.

He wondered, how fast and easy the mood between them could change and hoped the same it would never change into a bad course someday. It was still difficult for her, being open-hearted and give away any attachment she felt or trusting someone blindly. He didn't know why exactly, but knew it had to do with her family and gathered hints, when she dropped a few in her words. She even struggled now, only saying she'd trust him.

James remembered it had been worst the day they'd been around his father for the first time and he'd nearly torn her to pieces in the air. She'd never been more afraid of him after that disastrous parental encounter. Her miserable state afterwards broke his heart for his father into pieces, as he'd seen her desolated and trembling, unable to speak and cry, caused by his father's accusations. But they would work that out together.

"I know you try." He pulled her in a close hug and she leaned into it, relaxing slightly. Someone opened the heavy door for them and they passed, hitting the young evening and descending the stone staircase leading down to a crescent shaped square.

"We'll get that, won't we?" she asked. "Please, don't give up on me."

He took her face between his hands. "There's no problem. Okay, you're horribly secretive, but tell me one person in this whole world not being at least a bit secretive?"

"Lost count some years ago. Let's go." She tugged at his hand and they went together.

5. Chapter 5

Haha, here's the last chapter, sadly a quite sad one. *~
>Hope you still enjoy it! If you liked it (or have ideas on improvement) feel free to drop a comment.
All the best,
GM&I_

Somebody Tell Me

Five months later

Lorelei put the key away into her jacket, the door was open anyway. She didn't even know why she had it, was probably still one of James'. She frowned, just another memory to forget as soon as possible. Maybe she could make their break up a bit funny, to

entertain Lillian and distract her from her illness for some precious minutes. Yet, what was funny in being let down a month after being released from hospital (recovered from a broken arm, thanks to fading on a fish market) and having planned the prom together?

"Lillian?", she called and knocked on the wooden door frame. As the lights were out she didn't want to scare her like the first time she'd broken into this house.

The Times lay openly displayed on a drawer, yesterday's edition. Hadn't Lillian been out today? Was she supposed to bring a today's edition with her? Or was Lillian still out into town with some friends drinking hot chocolate in a random Caf  ? "Lillian? It's me, Lorelei. We've got the surgery and therapy, finally. It all worked out wonderfully! In two days."

As no response came she entered the small kitchen. Maybe she was out right now, getting herself a current newspaper? This was unlikely, as it already started to dawn again. A single sheet of paper lay on the round table, and a pen beside it. She crossed swiftly through the room and sat down, taking up the sheet. It was dated to present day's early morning.

_My dearest, _

as you aren't there at the moment and can't find your number and am too tired to travel down to London by myself I'll have to write down what I want to tell you. I can't wait until you arrive, even though it's just a few hours till we meet. It's a lot of sentimental, and I hope you'll understand me. If not now, then you will by time you grow older. Everybody's saying such things, but you know, my dear, I hardly am everybody. At least, we'll have a great discussion once you'll read my letter   " don't argue, we will.

You know how glad I was to discover you're still alive and not dead like I've been told a hundredth times before and it hurts that I can't give you anything in return but had to break to you that they discovered cancer a few years ago. You'd disagree now, I know, and say it won't hurt you and that I wouldn't keep you away from anything important. But dearest, I know what you went through and I being ill and keeping you from real life will harm you somehow. Whether we'll get the surgery or not, I won't live as long as I would being healthy or younger. Someday I am going to die anyway. And if you don't jump straight off a cliff or sky scraper, you'll have a life after I am long gone. You're young, you've grown into a beauty (don't say something else), you're strongly minded (not stubborn! Well sometimes you are) and as emotional as anyone else, even if you don't want to admit it.

_Please don't spend so much time being out on the wide sea, diving for some pearls to pay my surgery. I probably won't get it anyway. There're hundreds of patients, why should they consider me important (and rich) enough to get a surgery as soon as possible? It's so dangerous out there; I don't want to lose you. I told your parents the same as they grew more and more interested into the great and never ending sea, they wouldn't believe me and now I tell you and please, believe me. It's so dangerous out there. The high waves, currents changing, as flood comes and goes, jelly fish and other poisonous animals   " I couldn't bear you getting hurt by any of those dangers. Not at my age and temper. I want you to grow older

than me. _

You wouldn't have expected that, eh? Me warning you about ocean's dangers. You'd probably say you already know quite a lot and that it isn't more dangerous than being on land. Furthermore, I know you're incredible strong but I know I want to see you alive as long as I can (just as I said). Yeah, sarcasm is our both closest friend. Whereas I learned sarcasm later than you. Maybe you brought it back to me, we'll never know. Sometimes I am even afraid of suddenly falling off somewhere and just be dead. Like not being able to say goodbye to my friends - well, mainly you. I don't know who else's still alive. Thus dear, keep me from falling, until I haven't properly said goodbye to you.

You're just returning from Ireland, I remember. You told me, you'd spend your holidays there. It would have been pointless searching for you in London. See, I am a bit puzzled today. How has it been there on the green island? I hope you haven't been too much occupied by this pearl diving. There has been a horrible thunderstorm lately, oh, do tell me you haven't been out this day! You have to tell me everything in detail! Have you made any friends? How did you make Morgan and Richard let you go away for more than a whole week? What did you tell them? Probably you didn't tell them the truth, but that you start collecting the rent for a flat when you want to study, I may guess. You told them, you'd stay with me, didn't you? I bet you did.

Tired now, I'll lie down for half an hour then continue to make our discussion a long one. I've even got a new clock, green and with tall digits shining at night. Well, I'll show you later. We have to dig our way through all old things, I may tell you stories about. Actually you are the first I can tell anything without him her thinking me going completely insane. You probably don't remember, how you once accidentally hit yourself with the door handle, because Arthur (the boy of our neighbours back then) tore from the other side and you broke it apart? However, there are lot of things I am going to tell you, about relationships (don't argue; you'll always be my little girl, and I won't let any boy close to you as long as I haven't seen him by myself! We have to talk about that James, he seems to be a fine guy), a house you're going to get (already settled, any objections are irrelevant), you hiding yourself and lots more of that. Woke your interest, huh! See you soon, darling! Just give me half an hour of rest.

The sheet slipped away from Lorelei's hands and fell down on the floor. She hadn't noticed she was trembling violently, neither had she noticed tears rolling down her cheeks. Minutes later she would sit next to utterly pale and unmovable Lilly Finnigan with the angel of death hovering over them. Hours later she would find herself back in London, locked up in her room and trying without success to stop crying.

End
file.